
M A L P A S I A.

A

P O E M,

SACRED to the

M E M O R Y

Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

L A D Y M A L P A S.

Daughter of S^r Rob^t Walpole,

A

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M E M O R Y

Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE

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Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

L A D Y M A L P A S.

By Mr. HUMPHREYS.

*Nunc autem de te loquar, quam non ego amissam, aut nobis penitus
ademptam, velim dicere; cum illucescat menti meæ quotidie magis
præclarissima nominis tui, tuarumque virtutum Gloria.*

Cic. de Consolat.

L O N D O N:

Printed for JOHN WATTS at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court*
near *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*.

M DCC XXXII.

Price 6d.

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Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

L A D Y M A L P A S

By M^r. H. H. P. H. R. E. T. S.

11

Nunc autem de se loquens, quoniam ego amicus, non nolui perire
ademptum, velis dicere; illustre meum non periret magis
præclarissime nominis tui circumstantia Gloria
Cic. de Consol.



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L A D Y M A L P A S.



W H E N Heav'n has once with rich
Profusion join'd
A spotless Form to an unblemish'd Mind,
We fondly hope, transported with the View,
That what's so lovely, will be lasting too,

B

And

And to the Great Creator urge our Prayer,
He long wou'd lend us what he made so fair.
If Death should then be privileg'd to gain
The charming Object to his envious Reign,
Disconsolate, we mourn the wither'd Bloom
Too soon devoted to the silent Tomb.

Such was MALPASIA, to our wond'ring View,
As brightly perfect, and as transient too:
A lovely Specimen to Mortals given,
To intimate how Angels shine in Heaven:
Her Soul to them so nearly was ally'd,
Their Joys they thought defective till she dy'd.
It seem'd injurious to the radiant Throng,
That Earth detain'd their Ornament so long;
They wish'd her summon'd to their blest Abodes
To grace the Chorus of her kindred Gods;
And Heav'n, that form'd her for a Seraph there,
Soon to her Seat Celestial call'd the Fair.

But

But ah! what Comfort can the Muse afford
 To ease the Pangs of her dejected LORD!
 How reconcile him to this Shock of Fate,
 His Soul so tender, and his Loss so great!
 Let such whose happy Part it is to prove
 The grateful Intercourse of Mutual Love,
 Whose Nuptial Treasures of Delight contain
 The softest Bliss that Constancy can gain,
 Let such conceive th' illustrious Mourner's Pain.
 Heav'n lately seem'd its Labours to employ,
 To fix Him in a Scene of chosen Joy:
 His well weigh'd Merit made his Prince his Friend,
 And publick Honours did his Days attend.
 All that beheld his blooming Glory grow,
 Rejoic'd that Virtue was rewarded so.
 What Destitution cou'd his Joys defeat,
 When bright MALPASIA did those Joys compleat?

A rich Maturity of Charms she bore,
And still, exhaustless, was producing more:
Like the luxuriant Tree, that gives to view
His golden Fruit, and fragrant Blossoms too.
Each soft Delight their circling Hours did prove,
Smiles were their Strife; their Emulation, Love.
But Heav'n determin'd that the Youth shou'd know
The frail Uncertainty of all below,
Bid pale Mortality perform its Part,
And snatch the Charmer from his panting Heart.

In vain the Muse would whisper some Relief,
To calm the strong Invasion of his Grief:
What Consolation from a Muse can flow,
That feels the Anguish of a Social Woe!
When so much Virtue is so soon remov'd,
And none succeeds so worthy to be lov'd;
When CHARITY, mild Goddess, seems distressed
Her Pow'r distributive in whom to vest,

Laments

Laments her Incapacity to find
A Substitute, like her MALPASIA, kind.
When at her Death the Desolate complain,
They now must find their Poverty a Pain;
And weeping Families around deplore
Their Pangs, suspended by her Alms before.
What conscious Eye can now refuse a Tear
To such a Death, that costs Mankind so dear?
The Muse, My LORD, bewails the doleful View,
And pities thousands whilst she mourns for You.

Ye grateful Crowds, who can so well express
MALPASIA's Bounty in your deep Distress,
Whose dear Benevolence you oft receiv'd,
When, in the Anguish of your Souls, ye griev'd;
Implore that God who rais'd you such a Friend,
That he his Comforts to her LORD would lend,

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And still, exhaustless, was producing more:
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That he his Comforts to her LORD would lend,

Support his Soul beneath his Sorrow's Weight,
And teach Submission to the Will of Fate:
Oh let your Gratitude be thus approv'd,
And bless the Man your kind MALPASIA lov'd!

But whilst this mournful Theme my Lays pursue,
What Godlike Form now rises to my View?
Affliction near him her sad Station keeps,
The FRIEND, the PATRIOT, and the FATHER weeps.
With how much Eloquence his Sighs confess
The BEST are not exempted from Distress!
O may the Guardian of our Glory know
Some Intermission of his flowing Woe!
With thee the Genius of BRITANNIA mourns,
Griev'd for the Hero that her Realms adorns.
Ah! let not Sighs thy sacred Hours invade,
When EUROPE calls for thy important Aid:

Prosperity

Prosperity and Peace obsequious wait
Thy great Dispatch to each expecting State:
Monarchs their Anguish in thy Sorrows see,
And half the World must be unblest with Thee.

Thus the great CICERO, the Pride of ROME,
Like You, lamented o'er his TULLIA's Tomb;
A while the Stroke of unrelenting Fate
Opprest the Guardian of the LATIAN State:
But soon as he perceiv'd that his Despair
Depriv'd the Publick of his Genial Care,
The Patriot's Duty chas'd the Parent's Pain,
And his rich Wisdom blest the World again.

F I N I S.



Prosperity and Peace obdurate wait
 Thy great Dispatch to each expecting State;
 Mourning their Anguish in thy Sorrows see,
 And half the World must be unblest with Thee.

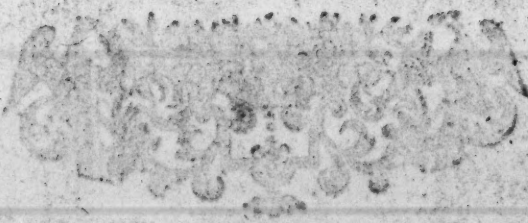
Thus the great Cicero, the Pride of Rome,
 Like You lamented o'er his TULLIA'S Tomb;
 A while the Stroke of unrelenting Fate

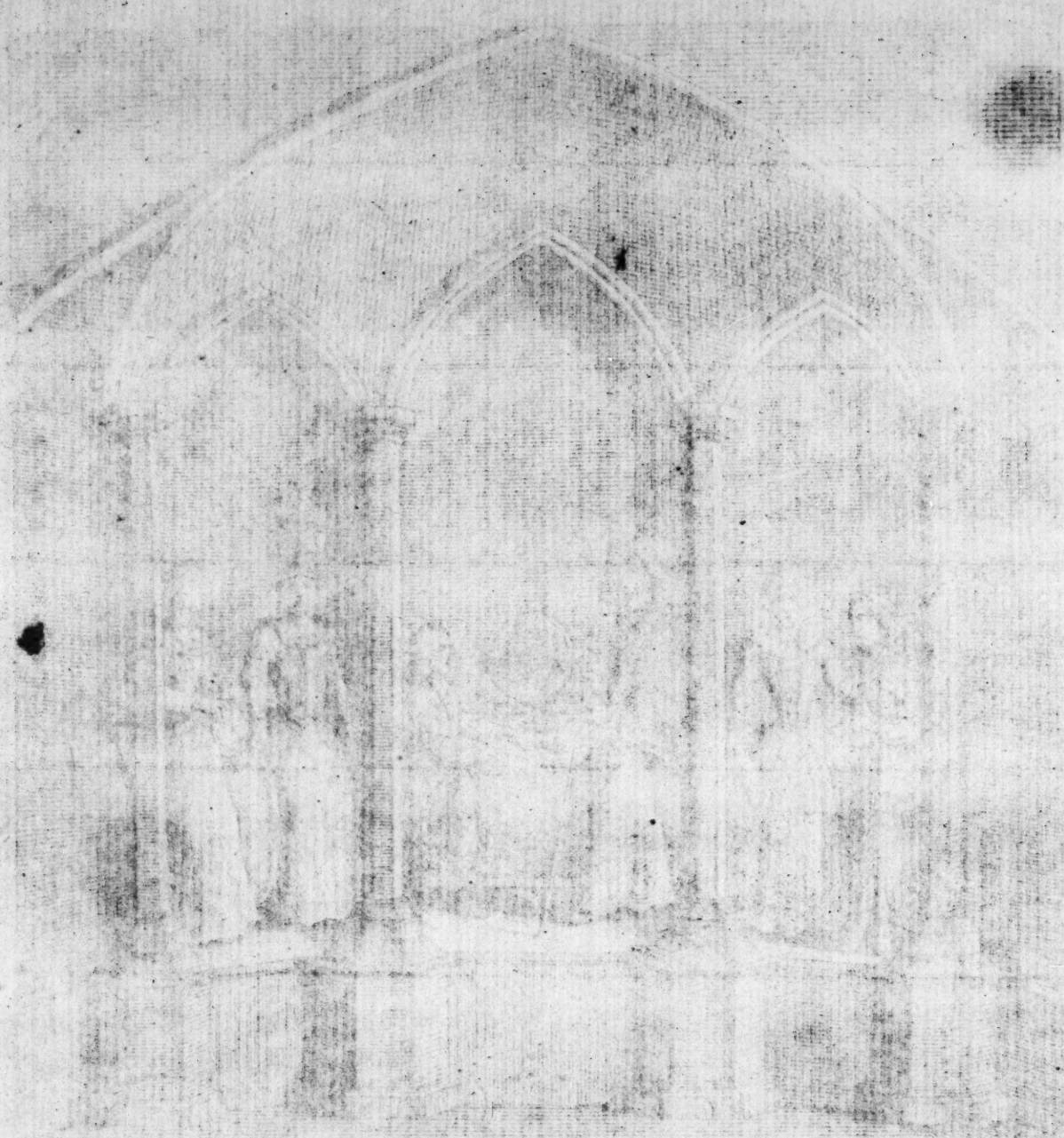
Oppress'd the Queen of the Latin Stage!

But soon as he perceiv'd that his Despair
 Depriv'd the Publick of his Genial Care,
 The Patriot's Duty chas'd the Parent's Pain,
 And his rich Willom blest the World again.



F 1 W 1 S





Architectural drawing of a building facade, showing a central archway and multiple windows. The drawing is rendered in a light, sketchy style on aged, textured paper.